

# Newport Mercury

VOLUME CXXXVII—No. 32.

NEWPORT, R. I., JANUARY 19, 1895.

WHOLE NUMBER 7,737.

## The Newport Mercury

PUBLISHED BY

THE MERCURY PUBLISHING CO.,

182 THAMES STREET,

NEWPORT, R. I.

WOLF IN SHEEP'S CLOTHING.  
Ingenious Stamp Collector's Scheme  
Which Promises Big Returns—Newport  
Ladies Asked to Help.

No. 31.  
JAN. 11, 1895.

DEAR FRIEND:

A Medical Institute has offered to treat a young lady of Kauville, who has been lame, crippled, since six years of age, if she would collect one million canceled stamps. So we have started this chain in which your aid is kindly asked.

Make three copies of this letter, as I have done; only change the date, and put the next higher number at the top, numbering them all alike, and sign your own name to them.

Return this letter with ten or more canceled stamps to Miss Edna R. Brown, Kauville, Kau Co., Ill., also the names and addresses of the three, and they in turn are asked to do the same. Any one not wishing to do this as asked, return this letter to Miss Brown, that we may know the chain is broken. Altho' this may seem a small thing to you, any one breaking the chain will involve serious loss to the enterprise. The person receiving No. 59 will please return the letter without making any copies, as that ends the chain.

Sincerely Yours,

The above is the exact copy of a letter received in this city a few days ago. And, in spite of all the warnings that have appeared again and again in the newspapers, this latest swindle has reached No. 34 in the "chain."

To a careless reader, it appears rather simple, and his first thought is, "Of course it is a scheme of some sort, but I will not break the chain. I'll send the stamp, and write the letters, although it is a bore. Let the next one break it if he wishes." And so the thing goes on.

But this, in fact, is the most gigantic stamp swindle yet. Have we forgotten the immense sum of money the thirty-two horse-hoof nails would cost, if the price of the first was 1 cent, and each following nail to cost double that of its predecessor? How many of us gave up in despair at the sight of the figures used before we were half way through the work? And this chain, starting with one and multiplying each time by 2, will be the last term, goes as far beyond that as it is possible for an ordinary mathematician to go. Working the example out by Geometrical Progressions, one of the bugheads of our "figuring" days, the actual number of letters distributed, if the chain should be followed to its closing links, would be 32,157,003,159,050,028,801, and if each one who received a letter should return ten canceled stamps, the number received by the young lady cripple would be one hundred twenty-one quadrillions, five hundred seventy-six quadrillions, six hundred fifty-four trillions, six hundred ninety billions, five hundred sixty-nine millions, two hundred eighty-eight thousand, ten.

The man, for no woman could concoct such a scheme, must be wallowing in stamp at the present moment, and they must be from all nations, for the letters themselves have long ago outnumbered the inhabitants of the United States.

And how craftily this benevolent being has worded his petition for charity for a helpless cripple. The "medical institute" has promised to treat the young lady for her lameness if she would collect one million stamps. "So we have started this chain," etc., and at the end of the letter "the person" receiving apostle "No. 59 will pleasure return," etc. And in reality there will be millions and millions of people receiving letters marked "No. 59."

And the uncharitable being "not wishing to do this," even after his name and address have been sent to Miss Brown, and in spite of the fact that his not according to so small a request "will involve serious loss to the enterprise," is politely requested to return his "letter to Miss Brown that we may know the chain is broken." How could any one be such a brute?

Col. Geo. E. Waring, Jr., of this city, began his duties as Street Cleaning Commissioner of New York on Tuesday, replacing W. S. Andrews who was a Tammany appointee. Col. Waring appointed Charles K. Warren, a civil engineer and contractor of New York, as deputy and then began his work of reform by reducing the salaries of clerical employees in the department about \$7,000 a year in the aggregate.

Mr. George Hunter, formerly of this city, failed to pass the physical examination required for a cadetship at West Point, hence Congressman Lapham has appointed Mr. Lewis S. Brown, son of ex-Postmaster Lewis Brown, to fill the vacancy. Mr. Brown is at present at a preparatory school in New York, fitting himself for the entrance examination. He was a member of the class of '94 of the Rogers High School.

Conductor James P. Sisson has resigned his position with the Newport Street Railway Co. Mr. Sisson has been in the employ of the company for about four years.

Mr. and Mrs. Elmer E. Gifford are receiving congratulations on the birth of a son. He was born Wednesday and weighed 11 pounds.

The Naval Reserves will have an informal housewarming at their new home Monday night.

Francis Stanhope sold today, at master's sale, the McKee-Abell estate on Bath road to Ferdinand A. Abell, for \$30,000.

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## A DESERT CLAIM.

By MARY E. STICKNEY.

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[CONTINUED.]

## CHAPTER XI.

Thanks to that opportune use of the telephone, it was but a little after 9 o'clock when the team rattled across the bridge at Big Cow creek, and Nelsine, like a writhing in her white gown, came flying down from the house.

"Edith, is it really you? Oh, you dear, dreadful girl! What a fright you have given us! How could you do such a crazy thing? I was sure you would be lost, and I was perfectly frantic. When Mrs. Campbell came and told me, I didn't know what to do. I simply walked the floor and wrung my hands." She had the girl in her arms now and was laughing and crying together in a joyous excitement which filled Edith with still surprise. She had not guessed that she had such a place in Nelsine's heart.

"Hugh came back only a few minutes ago, and when I told him what you had done he almost swore. He did indeed,

wanted to start right off after you. You would have met him had you been two minutes later, but I insisted that he should have supper first. He had been in the saddle all day, you know, and who could say where and when he was going to find you?"

Edith stood still, staring full toward that open door of the bunkhouse, where a light glowed feebly. "I have brought the doctor. It is not too late," she half whispered, a choke in her voice.

"And this is the doctor," cried Mrs.

Ellery, extending her pretty hand with a beaming smile which made that impressionable young man her slave from that hour. She was georgious to her finger tips, this lady of K'ranach, and in her hunger for society of some sort it was questionable whether she would not have been with that same ravishing smile had she been called to welcome the devil himself, hoofs, horns and all, but this happily the charmed man now graciously pressing her small hand could not have "guessed." "Dr.—?" she went on interrogatively glancing at Edith for the introduction which had been forgotten.

"My name is Wright, Mrs. Ellery,"

the young man said, with a glance of such frank admiration as he had never

dreamed of bestowing on the younger lady, whose listless dignity and preoccupation he had indeed found somewhat oppressive. Hugh Ellery had come out from the house, for the moment monopolized by Mr. Blythe and Tom Tregeant, who were full of eager questions as to the lost horses, and now, while Mrs. Ellery went on to greet these others, he came over to his sister, a note of earnestness in his laughing complaint.

"Well, conversely speaking, you are a nice girl!" giving her a little shake, his hands resting expressively on either shoulder. "Flying off on a wild goose chase across a country where even the geese fairly require a compass to keep to the right course. To say nothing of taking chances on your own account sufficient to warrant a straitjacket, here you have deliberately spoiled the best appetite I ever had in my life. Don't you know, you heedless girl, that every time you start a man's heart to beating out of the normal, you are deliberately driving nails in his coffin? And what right had you to cut short a good brother's days in this fashion? What have you to say for yourself?"

"Oh, her actions speak louder than words," laughed Mrs. Ellery affectionately, clasping the girl's cold hand.

"She has brought the doctor to counteract all ill-effects—that is, if it is really true as you live doctor," she added, with a laughing glance at him. "It is by no means clearly fixed yet in my mind, I must confess, for how Miss Ellery could have managed to fetch you so soon without the aid of magic is something which I shall have to have explained to me later. I will try to restrain my curiosity, however, until you have had some supper, for you must all be starving. Do come right in."

"But how is my patient?" asked Dr.

Wright, somewhat surprised at this unprofessional greeting.

Edith stood still, her eyes fixed with a glance of terror upon that open door

across the lawn, behind which an ominous silence seemed to reign. She knew Nelsine too well to imagine that even death, if it robbed her of news of her heart's dearest, could long depress her lively temperament. With a sound digestion and not too much feeling, Nelsine could always be comfortably philosophical as to the ills which did not touch her personal happiness. "He is dead!" the girl hoarsely exclaimed, clasping her hands convulsively together.

"He may be dead—drunk, if one may be pardoned for saying so," laughed Hugh amicably. "I think little of the venom actually got into the ankle. Naturally the stocking absorbed some of it, and, happily for poor Brown, we have a heroine on the place!"

"Artalissa! Only fancy!" cried Nelsine, who dearly loved to tell exciting news herself. "She deliberately put the clip to the wound and snuck out the poison. Was it not heroic—and disgusting?"

"But nothing could have been more sensible," put in the doctor appreciatively. "She was in no danger. The poison of serpents is innocuous in the mouth unless there should happen to be some cut or abrasion; and I dare say the present of mind of this person saved the man's life."

"With the whisky which they have been pouring down his throat all day," added Ellery, laughing carelessly. "Would you like to take a look at him before supper, doctor? I dare say there is nothing you used to, and it will not detain you long."

"Oh, let's go and shake with him anyhow, poor old chus," put in Blythe, with a affectionate interest in his sometime comrade, promptly leading the way toward the bunkhouse.

"And so it was Artalissa who saved his life," remarked Edith, with a queer staccato burst of laughter, as she followed Nelsine into the house.

"It was horrible! It made me fairly sick," returned the elder, glancing back,

with a shudder, "but then"—she admitted tentatively, "it was grand in its way. I should hardly have thought her capable of it."

"There are times when we are capable of anything," muttered Edith moodily, sinking into the nearest chair. "Oh, how tired I am! I am simply dead!"

"You poor, dear child!" tenderly removing her hat. "To think of your doing such a thing merely for one of the men! But it was just like your impulsive unselfishness. Self preservation has nothing to do with the laws of your nature. You would let yourself be buried at the stake without a whisper if it seemed to you your duty. You are the most generous, self-sacrificing!"

"Oh, don't!" murmured Edith miserably, covering her face with her hands.

A black and white illustration of a woman with dark hair, wearing a patterned dress, sitting on a chair and holding a small child in a cradle. The child is looking up at her. In the background, there is a window with a view of trees.

"Oh, don't!" murmured Edith miserably. "I am a fool, an utter fool, and I only wish the fool killer would appear at the door this minute."

"You are an angel, only human enough to be half starved and all worn out," rejoined the other soothingly. "Sit right there, dearie, and don't move until I bring you a cup of tea."

"I don't want anything. I cannot eat," the girl listlessly protested as Nelsine bustled about arranging a dainty little supper. "They gave me such a lunch at Cameron's. They opened all the canned things they had on the place, I think, but I could not eat. I was not hungry."

"Then don't dare to offer that as an excuse for not eating now, you unresponsible woman. Do take some tea at least, dear," holding out the cup, with a glance of tender coaxing. "Of course you must be half dead."

"And to think that I might have spared myself all the worry and all that wild goose chase, as Hugh calls it; to think that while I was flying across the country, merely proving what foolishness I could be capable of, Artalissa was quietly saving the man's life by the simple magic of common sense! When I think how wild I was—and all for nothing—ah, it is such a joke, Nelsine, is it not? Did you ever hear of anything funnier?" laying back her head and laughing in wild merriment until hysterical tears were pouring down her cheeks. "Oh, why don't you laugh, Nelsine? Such a joke!"

"Poor girl! It may become a serious joke for you if you don't eat something. You will make yourself ill, Edith," tenderly stroking her hair as she stood over her. "Try to be calm, dear."

"Oh, I am calm as a summer's morning. And I am waiting to hear all about it. I want all the details of the joke. What did he say when she saved his life in such romantic fashion? Did he fall on his knees and cry, 'My preserver, my preserver?' What should one say when one's life is saved? So far as I remember, I said nothing at all."

"So far as I know, the horse trainer said no more," replied Nelsine dryly, yet hoping perhaps to divert the girl from her unnatural hilarity. "To tell you the truth, whether it was booziness or embarrassment, whatever the cause, I thought the fellow behaved rather shabbily. But men take everything for granted when women are in love with them. I presume he will be graciously pleased to reward her devotion by allowing her to lay down the rest of her life for him, and I shall have the small satisfaction of saying, 'I told you so,' while I am looking up another girl."

"Without doubt. What could be more proper? It is only a pity that I could not have known, so that I might have brought a minister instead of a doctor. Perhaps they will allow me to send one back from Cheyenne tomorrow."

"Tomorrow! What do you mean?" cried Nelsine, with a startled stare, for the moment convinced that the girl had taken leave of her senses.

"I told Mr. Blythe that I would go back with him. He will be taking the doctor back to Hereford City tomorrow, you know."

"But you to think of going with him? Why, Edith, my dear, dear girl, what can you mean? Surely you are not!"

"Oh, don't you see?" peevishly interrupting the storm of expostulation ready to issue from the other's parted lips. "I was going in a few days anyway, and this will save you the long drive to Hereford City. With all the trouble about the horses, I am sure Hugh will regard the opportunity as fairly providential. A day or two longer here would hardly count for much against such a saving of time and trouble, and—you will but waste breath to oppose the scheme, Nelsine, for I am perfectly determined upon going." There was that in her tone which showed she meant all she said.

"Well, perhaps you are right," admitted Mrs. Ellery reluctantly, as though yielding to the inevitable with what grace she might. "But with so much happening at once—oh, dear, what will come next?"

"Oh, don't make it a serial story, to be continued in our next," cried Edith, laughing rather crazily as she gathered up her hat and gloves, moving toward her room. "It will be like the core of the little boy's apple, Nelsine. There won't be any next."

CHAPTER XII.

Mrs. Hallett, widow of the late Rich-  
ard Hallett, lawyer and politician, pos-  
sessed one of the most beautiful homes  
in that part of the city of residence.

"And it is a bit of residence quar-  
ters," the girl said with a queer  
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Season to be round there save when her journeys elsewhere had so clogged her footsteps with accumulations of briar-a-brae that she was fairly driven to this delightful dumping ground to dislodge herself. Certain it was that since the death of her husband, following soon after the birth of their only child, some three years before, the woodland climbing the walls had had the handsome graystone structure very much to itself, the fair mistress of the mansion, as often as she returned, scanning over seated with a new restlessness impelling her toward another departure.

There were those to remark that Barbara Hallett's evident lack of love for her home might be due to the fact that for her perhaps the place was peopled with a company of ghosts she would fain escape. It was generally understood that her married life had been unhappy, her husband having been notoriously untrue to her, but for whatever sins of omission or commission Dick Hallett might have been guilty of toward his wife he had made what atonement he might by opportunely dying, and now it appeared that the lady must be unreasonable indeed if she imagined any just cause for complaint in a lot so fair. She was young, charming in person and manner, and, as might have been expected, greatly admired and sought after, with wealth sufficient to gratify every reasonable desire, while she had her beautiful boy to give breadth and purpose to her life.

"But we were perishing with ennui, baby and I," she gayly declared when she was making Edith Ellery welcome in the prettiest guest chamber, one whose windows looked across a vexed sea of roofs ruffled with waves of swaying tree tops, across the vast sea of platos beyond, bare and brown as a beach at low tide, out to the royal mountain range lost in the blue mists of the horizon line at north and south, that ruffled line of shadowy pinks and grays and purples flecked with eternal snows—to Mrs. Hallett, as to most Denverites, one of the grandest views which earth might offer. "If there is any place dumber than Denver in July, it must be Denver in August." So far as appearances go, the city has its best foot forward in summer, but socially we are not dead."

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"So far as I know, the horse trainer said no more," replied Nelsine dryly, yet hoping perhaps to divert the girl from her unnatural hilarity. "To tell you the truth, whether it was booziness or embarrassment, whatever the cause, I thought the fellow behaved rather shabbily. But men take everything for granted when women are in love with them. I presume he will be graciously pleased to reward her devotion by allowing her to lay down the rest of her life for him, and I shall have the small satisfaction of saying, 'I told you so,' while I am looking up another girl."

"Without doubt. What could be more proper? It is only a pity that I could not have known, so that I might have brought a minister instead of a doctor. Perhaps they will allow me to send one back from Cheyenne tomorrow."

"Tomorrow! What do you mean?" cried Nelsine, with a startled stare, for the moment convinced that the girl had taken leave of her senses.

"I told Mr. Blythe that I would go back with him. He will be taking the doctor back to Hereford City tomorrow, you know."

"But you to think of going with him? Why, Edith, my dear, dear girl, what can you mean? Surely you are not!"

"Oh, don't you see?" peevishly interrupting the storm of expostulation ready to issue from the other's parted lips. "I was going in a few days anyway, and this will save you the long drive to Hereford City. With all the trouble about the horses, I am sure Hugh will regard the opportunity as fairly providential. A day or two longer here would hardly count for much against such a saving of time and trouble, and—you will but waste breath to oppose the scheme, Nelsine, for I am perfectly determined upon going." There was that in her tone which showed she meant all she said.

"Well, perhaps you are right," admitted Mrs. Ellery reluctantly, as though yielding to the inevitable with what grace she might. "But with so much happening at once—oh, dear, what will come next?"

"Oh, don't make it a serial story, to be continued in our next," cried Edith, laughing rather crazily as she gathered up her hat and gloves, moving toward her room. "It will be like the core of the little boy's apple, Nelsine. There won't be any next."

"For me! And why for me?" looking up surprisedly, a faint flush showing on her cheeks.

"Because some day you will marry yourself."

"And you think I should?"

"Many some good fellow whom you can love just as Nelsine does Hugh."

"Oh!" the girl exclaimed in a car-  
ries tone, turning away her face. But after a moment she added, not looking up: "But what if it is not one's nature to feel or to stimulate great passion? Nelsine says she thinks it is not in me to make a goose of myself that way."

"Then you would better not presume to get married," Mrs. Hallett declared, with a dry laugh, "for a married old maid is a hopeless case!"

"But do you not think that there can be such a thing as rational friendship between a man and wife, giving hap-

iness, even though sentiment is not out of the bargain?" asked the girl eagerly after a short silence.

"No, I don't," returned the other, very decidedly, her blue eyes quietly studying the flushed face that seemed trying to hide itself behind the sofa pillows. "No woman's heart could ever be satisfied for more than a moment with such a paltry makeshift, while, whatever the quality of a man's love, he never fails to demand full measure of passion in his wife and to feel defrauded of his right if it is denied him. If you are ever tempted to try such an experiment as that, dear, my advice to you is—don't." She laughed playfully, but there was a certain something in the depths of her eyes which reminded Edith of all Nelsine had told her about Mrs. Hallett's own married life.

"Why, thank you. I will at least remember your good counsel," but the answering playfulness was rather forced.

There was a silence of many moments between the two women. Little Paul had brought his plump ping to play on the bierstuhl at his mother's feet, filling the pause with a merry monologue. "Cough, Tommy, cough!" he would gayly command as his plump fists patted the wrinkled little buck, and the small bit of solemnity, grown so fat it could scarce do more than kick in the fullness of exulting content, would obediently give vent to a low growling which seemed curiously to delight the child's sense of humor. "Oh, mamma, isn't Tommy a joke?" he cried in a gurgle of childhood laughter, throwing himself upon the floor. Both women laughed in sympathy with his abandon.

"What a darling he is!" Edith exclaimed, watching him with tender eyes.

"Is he not?" murmured the mother in a glow of happy pride. "And he is so much like my brother Paul, for whom he is named, when he laughs like that—as Paul was at his age. I have a picture of us both taken together when we were little tots, and the resemblance is very striking

## Traveler's Directory.

## Fall River Line

FARES REDUCED—ONLY \$2 TO  
NEW YORK  
for limited tickets. Reduced rates to all  
points beyond New York.

Steamers PILGRIM and PROVIDENCE  
in commission.

Leave Newport, week days at 11:15 A. M.  
Arrive Fall River, 7:30 A. M.  
RETURNING, leave New York, from Pier  
No. 2 (old No. 2), foot of Murray Street, week  
days only at 6:00 P. M. Eastward steamers  
arrive at Newport at 10:30 P. M.

For tickets, address apply at New  
York and Boston Steamship Agencies—See,  
Thames Street, J. J. Green, Ticket Agent.

GEO. L. CONNOR, Pass'l Manager.

O. H. TAYLOR, Gen'l Pass'l Agent.

J. H. JORDAN, Agent, Newport, R. I.

**NEWPORT AND WICKFORD**

RAILROAD AND STEAMBOAT CO.,

THE WICKFORD ROUTE.

In effect November 1, 1894.

Leave

Newport 12:30 P. M.

Providence, Attleboro 1:15 P. M.

Boston 2:30 P. M.

New York 3:30 P. M.

Leave

Newport 8:30 A. M.

Boston 10:30 A. M.

Providence 11:30 A. M.

New York 12:30 P. M.

Saturday excepted. This train runs through  
to Providence, and connects with 8:40 A. M.  
train for Newport.

Washington Express due Harlem River  
Station, N. Y., 11:15 A. M.; Philadelphia, 6:30 A. M.;  
Baltimore, 9:30 A. M.; Washington, 10:42 A. M.

Through train between Wickford, Fenton,  
Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington, and Providence  
with Half Train due in New York at 11:15 A. M.

For Tickets and Drawing Room chairs apply at  
Steamer General, Commercial wharf, or  
at the Transfer Co.'s office, 30 Bellevue Avenue,  
C. D. COFFIN, Agent, Newport.

CONTINENTAL STEAMBOAT CO.

ON AND AFTER MONDAY, OCT. 1,  
LEAVE NEWPORT FOR

**PROVIDENCE**

Week days only at 8 A. M. Leave Providence  
for Newport week days only at 1 P. M.

Mondays and Saturdays only stop at  
Providence each way. Stop at Newport Monday  
days only each way.

All freight must be loaded at wharf thirty  
minutes before boat leaves to have ship-  
ment.

A. LIVINGSTON STANON,  
General Manager.

1894 TIME TABLE 1894  
Jamestown and Newport Ferry Co.

On and after November 8,  
STEAMER CONANICUT

WILL RUN AS FOLLOWS:

Leave Newport, 8:40 A. M., 12:30 P. M.,  
4:30 P. M., 5:30 P. M. Sunday, 10:15 A. M., 1:  
45 P. M. Leave Jamestown, 6:15, 8:15, 10:45 A. M., 1:  
30, 2:30 P. M. Sunday, 8:45 A. M., 1:45 P. M.,  
4:30 P. M.

Waits for arrival of Providence boat, Wed-  
nesdays and Saturdays.

Subject to change without notice.

**New York, New Haven  
& Hartford Railroad.**

Old Colony System.

Time tables showing local and through train  
service between all stations, may be obtained  
at all ticket offices of this company.

ON and after Sunday, Oct. 14, 1894, trains  
will leave Newport, for Boston, week days,  
7:35, 10:15 A. M., 1:45, 2:30, 3:30, 4:15 P. M.,  
4:30, 5:30 P. M.; Middlesex and Worcester,  
7:35, 10:15 A. M., 1:45, 2:30, 3:30, 4:15 P. M.,  
4:30, 5:30 P. M.; Wachusett, 7:35, 10:15 A. M.,  
1:45, 2:30, 3:30, 4:15 P. M.; Worcester, 7:35, 10:15 A. M.,  
1:45, 2:30, 3:30, 4:15 P. M.; Providence, 7:35, 10:15 A. M.,  
1:45, 2:30, 3:30, 4:15 P. M.; Revere, 7:35, 10:15 A. M.,  
1:45, 2:30, 3:30, 4:15 P. M.; Middlesex, 7:35, 10:15 A. M.,  
1:45, 2:30, 3:30, 4:15 P. M.; Cambridge, 7:35, 10:15 A. M.,  
1:45, 2:30, 3:30, 4:15 P. M.; Boston, 7:35, 10:15 A. M.,  
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Waits for arrival of Providence boat, Wed-  
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Subject to change without notice.

**JOHN ALDERSON,  
MERCHANT TAILOR,**

17 Mill Street.

ONE DOOR ABOVE THAMES STREET

Ladies' Cloaks, Ulsters and Walking Coats

Liveries of every description made to order

A NEW LINE OF

Seasonable Goods

JUST RECEIVED. 1-23

**Special Bargains!**

For the next 30 days we offer our entire  
line of

**Fall and Winter Woolens**

Comprising the best goods and styles to be  
found in foreign and domestic fabrics, 15  
per cent. less than our regular prices. This  
we do in order to make room for our Spring  
and Summer styles, which will receive  
about Feb. 15. We guarantee the make-up  
of our goods to be the best and to give general  
satisfaction.

**McLENNAN BROTHERS,**

184 Thames Street,

MERCURY BUILDING.

PROV. BLANK BOOK MANF'

BEAR OF POST OFFICE.

37 CUSTOM HOUSE ST., PROVIDENCE

Black Books, Wholesale or retail, on hand  
or made to order, leather, paper, book  
binding, paper folding, paper cutting,  
H. M. COOMBS & CO., Binders of the State.

GET YOUR

**Ice Cream**

AT—

**KOSCHNY'S,**

230 & 232 THAMES STREET,

For the best

Branch Store, 16 Broadway.

Cake,

Ice Cream,

Confectionery.

STRICTLY

FRESH

FIRST and

EVERY

CLASS

DAY.

**SPECIAL SALE**

of unequalled for

**Pictures,**

Shop Work Goods and Odd-

Sized Frames.

at greatly reduced prices for two weeks only.

**W. H. ARNOLD,**

12 Broadway.

**Starvation**

Is not always due to lack of food. You  
can eat plenty and yet not be strong.  
Food does no good unless it is digested  
and assimilated. Incases of Consumption  
and wasting diseases the greatest difficulty  
is to feed the patient.

**SLOCUM'S  
OZONIZED  
EMULSION**

Of Norwegian GOD LIVER OIL  
with GUAIACOL

THE FOE OF ALL TUBERCULOUS GERMS  
is a food, perfect, digestible and assimil-  
able, which gives strength, muscle, good  
blood and healthy flesh to all who use it.  
THIS OIL IS OZONIZED, i.e., charged with  
OXYGEN. It also contains GUAIACOL.  
It is pleasant to take, and THE KING THAT  
PHYSICIANS PRESCRIBE. AT all drug  
stores.

T. A. SLOCUM CO., NEW YORK.

**Clothing.****JUST RECEIVED.**

MY

**Fall Stock**

or

**Clothing, Hats**

AND

**NECKWEAR.****JAMES P. TAYLOR'S,**

189 THAMES STREET,

Agent for Rogers, Peet & Co.'s  
Clothing.

**NEW****Spring Woolens.****HENRY D. SPOONER**

200 THAMES STREET.

**JOHN ALDERSON,****MERCHANT TAILOR,**

17 Mill Street.

ONE DOOR ABOVE THAMES STREET

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**W. H. ARNOLD,**

12 Broadway.

**FARM FIELD AND GARDEN****IN THE APIARY.**

Exploring an Indian Mound.  
Progress Made by Stanford University Students  
in an interesting investigation.  
The progressive students of Stanford have  
begun a scientific exploration of the great  
mound near Castro station, some four miles east of the university grounds.  
This immense pear shaped mound

## The Mercury.

John P. HARRISON, Editor and Manager.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 19, 1895.

## EDITORIAL NOTES

The Law Committee's report of its investigations of the New York police department is a startling record of inefficiency and corruption, the responsibility for which is charged largely to Tammany Hall.

Another of our subscribers has discovered a MURKIN of December 19, 1858, among his files. Mr. O. W. Chase of Middleton has this one and he also has a MURKIN printed in the year 1858.

A new railroad station is to be built at Narragansett Pier. It will be of a style adapted to the place, which means that it will be as handsome and convenient as possible.

It seems certain that the Herreshoff's of Bristol will build another boat to defend the America cup. G. Oliver Iselin, who was at the head of the syndicate which owned the Vigilant, was in consultation with Nat Herreshoff this week.

The banquet of the Lincoln Republican association, which was postponed from Thursday evening, Jan. 5, because of the accident to Hon. Thomas B. Reed, who was to be present, will be held this evening. Mr. Reed and Senator Aldrich are to be present.

Newspaper men must be in high favor with the New Jersey legislature this year. The president of the senate and speaker of the house have one each for private secretary and the clerks and engrossing clerks of both branches of the assembly also belong to the frater-

nity. Business ability is not appreciated in Tennessee. At Chattanooga they have arrested an undertaker for "conducting a museum without a license," because he exhibited the bodies of two executed murderers for five cents a look. How can they expect the country to grow if they are widowers citizens like that?

The French Republic is again in the throes of a great crisis. The resignation of President Casimir-Perier Tuesday night following so closely upon that of his cabinet, has caused most intense excitement throughout the Republic and paralyzed politics and business alike. The president's action was entirely unexpected and, coming at the very instant when his country most needed a steadfast and wise executive, showed a weakness in his character never suspected even by his enemies.

There seems to be a disposition on the part of our state legislators to conduct the affairs of this year's January session of the General Assembly more on business principles. It is proposed to hold a short session of not more than two or three weeks and then adjourn until after the April election, when they will again come together for the few weeks intervening before the May session. This will give ample time for all necessary legislation and, it is hoped, prevent much that is unnecessary. The session will open a week from next Tuesday.

The vacancy caused by the resignation of Mr. Casimir-Perier as President of the French Republic was filled Thursday afternoon by the election of Mr. Felix Faure on the second ballot. Mr. Faure was born in Paris about 54 years ago, but after receiving an academic education he went to Havre where he acquired prominence and wealth as a shipping merchant. He entered national politics in 1881, at which time he was elected a member of the Chamber as a Moderate Republican and has been more or less prominent in the affairs of his country ever since.

The people of Meriden, Conn., seem to be in the throes of a telephone pole war similar to that waged in Newport a few years ago. There is no gratifying difference in the results, however, in that the Meriden citizens, are to have the question of their rights in the matter as abusers decided by the Supreme Court of the State. The telephone company are putting up new poles on which the city is to be allowed to string its fire alarm and police signal wires—a privilege which was expected to protect the company—and placed one in front of the Warcock and Parker property against the protest of the owners. Mr. Warcock is trying to stop the progress of the workmen engaged in setting the pole, was pushed aside by the company's manager and at once had the said manager and his foreman arrested for assault. The mayor of the city, acting on the ground that the poles, so long as city wires were to be strung upon them, were city poles, interfered and used the power of the city to help the telephone company. The assault case was tried before the police court, and Tuesday, after an elaborate review and quoting the statutes and authorities, the judge freed the manager and his foreman \$100 and costs each for unlawfully placing the pole. The case now goes to the Supreme Court and if the judgment of the lower court be confirmed Messrs. Warcock and Parker will bring a civil suit for damages against the city. The importance of the question thus to be settled in Connecticut is far-reaching and the verdict will be awaited with interest all over the country.

## Kingston College Notes.

Excavation for the new gymnasium building is going on; the stone for the building is being quarried at the ledge near the college.

The college extension is becoming more popular, several new names having been added to the list of membership during the last week.

A lecture concerning the college was held at Coventry Centre on Friday evening, Jan. 11th. President Washburn spoke at some length concerning the early condition of the place, and illustrated with stereopticon views the changes that have been going on during the brief period of the existence of the College. He also illustrated the work done in the various departments at the present time, and the method of giving instruction to the students, etc. His whole lecture accompanied by some hundred and fifty views, showed that the facilities for instruction at the institution are excellent, and that improvement is continually going on.

The ball was filled and the lecture was evidently much enjoyed by all.

A. C. S.

## Death of an Old Veteran.

Henry Mueller died Tuesday night at the Soldiers Home, Kearney, N. J., aged 100 years and 7 months. He was born in Germany and was a veteran of many wars. He served in German wars and with Napoleon at Moscow and Waterloo. He was in the regular United States army during the Seminole War in Florida. He fought under Gen. Scott through the war with Mexico, and on the breaking out of the Civil War was one of the first to go to the front. He enlisted in a New York battery and was in many engagements. He has been an inmate of the Soldiers Home for the past five years, and his centennial anniversary was celebrated there last year. He was buried with military honors on Thursday.

The first quarterly meeting of the Grand Division Sons of Temperance of the State of Rhode Island was held with William Penn Division in Pawtucket Tuesday. Grand Worthy Patriarch William E. Miller presided. All the divisions in the State were well represented and about 20 visitors were present.

## Death of a Former Rhode Islander.

Nova was received here this week of the death in Pasadena, California, of Mr. Luther Crowell. Mr. Crowell had been in poor health for some time, so that the news of his death was not entirely unexpected. He was a native of Warren, R. I., but had made his home in California for many years. His wife, who was a cousin of Mr. John H. Crosby of this city, was the first white child born in California after it became United States territory. Her father, John Hubbard, was a native of New York, but left here when 18 years of age and went to Valparaiso, where he remained until after the Mexican War, when he went to California and took up land where is now the city of San Francisco. Upon acquiring a home he returned to Valparaiso and took his family back to California with him. His children were educated at the State Normal School in Providence and it was while attending this school that Miss Hubbard met Mr. Crowell and afterward became his wife. He went with her to her home in California and was so much pleased with the country that he took up his residence there.

## ELECTION OF OFFICERS.

Army and Navy Union.  
Commander—W. G. McDonald.  
Deputy Commander—Frank Wheatlock.  
Chaplain—Owen Donelly.  
Adjutant—James A. Graham.  
Pastor—Frank Slesick.  
Officer of the Day—Frank Low.  
Narragansett Club.  
President—Joseph Graham.  
First Vice-President—W. R. Allen.  
Second Vice-President—C. L. Hart.  
Treasurer—G. W. Hart.  
Financial Committee—A. C. Bryant, Wm. A. Crosby and T. F. Hartigan.

Marike Society.  
President—Capt. Samuel T. McEvily.  
Vice President—Capt. James F. Hammond.  
Secretary—Capt. Frank H. Wilkes.  
Treasurer—Capt. A. S. Chase.

Foley Lawton Council.  
Chairman—George Stoddard.

Junior ex-Counselor—Mrs. John E. Lake.

Junior ex-Counselor—H. H. Blasius.

Associate Counselor—Frances Beaufort.

Vice Counselor—Phoebe Bradley.

Assistant Vice-Counselor—Ellia Lawton.

Guide—M. E. Blits.

Secretary—Florence E. Bennett.

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Portuguese Society.

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## NEWS OF THE WEEK.

Saturday, Jan. 10.  
Anna Gould's re-engagement to Harry Woodruff is announced—Blood was shed in a probably fatal riot between strike and non-union workmen at Hawerhill, Mass.—Elikins was nominated for senator from West Virginia without opposition—Editor Steele of Waterbury, Conn., was scared life by a vitriol thrower—The first and second Japanese army divisions are pushing on toward Pekin—The amount of the gold reserve is now \$77,473,400—A great majority of members of both houses of congress now believe an extra session for financial legislation is inevitable—Chinese generals report a great slaughter of Japanese troops—The stories of horrible atrocities in Amoy are confirmed—Over \$40,000 damage will be done by fire in the postoffice building at Great Barrington, Mass.—Garment workers voted to assess members of their craft who are at work for the sustenance of the unemployed—Dr. Hughes and James Lewis will be arraigned for murder at Portland, Me.—The husband of Mrs. Little, who hanged herself at Atkinson, N. H., testified that she often threatened his life—A batch of warrants has been issued for saloon keepers at Bridgeport, Ct.—Jesse Kent of Rowley, Mass., was rescued from Parker river after being in the water over four hours—France has opened hostilities on Madagascar—European powers again threaten to interfere with Japan—The postoffice building at Great Barrington, Mass., was destroyed by fire—Ten thousand laborers are clearing snow from the streets of Vienna—The younger son of Jay Gould is said to be anxious to lease a London theater for burlesque—Ten thousand more children were enrolled in Massachusetts public schools in 1891 than in 1890—Honry Camp, wanted by the Boston police for alleged illegal dealings under the name of the "Carter Loan company," was arrested in New York.

Sunday, Jan. 11.

Five men were buried by the collapsing of three floors of a building in which they were at work in New York—Colonel Cole of the Ohio militia was indicted for manslaughter in connection with the Washington Court House plot—The South Dakota land commission is a party to the state treasurer's stealing—Mrs. Thurow, who fled to Europe to escape the Lexow investigation, was arrested on her return to New York city—Harry Woodruff denies the story that he is engaged to Miss Anna Gould—J. K. Palmer has become champion pigeon shot—A passenger train was held up near Orlanua, Ia.—A French paper of Quebec is starting a crusade against Jews—An attempt is being made by Boston health officers to produce antitoxin—The late Sir John Thompson's seat in parliament is to be bitterly contested—The French artist, Peixoto, is painting a portrait of Lady Henry Somerset for the Saxon—Antitoxin was used successfully at Quincy, Mass.

Monday, Jan. 12.

Michael Keegan was arrested at Lowell, Mass., on the charge of illegal voting—The headquarters of the Young People's Christian Union are to be removed from Cleveland to Boston—Three hundred popular societies in Naples express confidence in Promitor Crispini—Germany has taken no steps to prevent independent inspection of emigrants at German ports—Emperor William is pleased with the majority on the anti-socialist bill—Fire in the business portion of Bath, Me., caused a loss of \$16,000—The Victoria hotel and St. George's club at Quebec were burned; the guests escaped in their night clothes—There was a loss of \$150,000 by a fire at Bradford, Pa.—The shortage of ex-Treasurer Taylor of South Dakota tools up \$307,023—Senator Jones of Arkansas is to introduce a new financial bill today—A man who has been annoying young women at Sac, Mo., was warned by police to leave town—The mangy body of Michael Tenney was found on the railroad at East Braintree, Mass.—The ship St. Mark was plowed into Boston by a Gloucester fisherman, Her captain was stricken with blindness excessive tobacco smoking—A home for incurable children is to be established near Hartford as a result of the efforts of the Children's Aid Society—Charles Harris, aged 16, of Boston, was run over by a train at Fairfield, Conn. Both legs were amputated above the knee—Burglars robbed the freight office safe of the New York, New Haven and Hartford railroad at South Framingham, Mass., of \$20 in cash and checks to about the same amount—Mary J. Nodding, prominent in the Woman's Relief corps, died at Nashua, N. H.—A claim is made by prominent public men at Washington that the country is drifting to a silver basis—E. B. Crapo, a prominent Concord, N. H., merchant, has disappeared—O. M. Melster, a Lynn (Mass.) shoemaker, charged with assault upon his stepdaughter, fired a revolver and fled death to dissuade his wife from calling the police—A man named Bellfontaine fell from the steeples of a church near Halifax, a distance of 60 feet, and was instantly killed—A wealthy Baltimore syndicate have about purchased rich miles deposits at Bolster's Rock, Stig Island, on the Labrador coast—Granulated sugar has taken a tremendous drop in the Halifax market, and is now at the lowest point reached for a long time—Carry B. Moon, for a generation the manager of Moon's Lake House at Saratoga Lake, is dead, aged 82.

Tuesday, Jan. 13.

Isaac F. Abbott, cashier of the Dover (N. H.) National bank, confessed defalcation of \$35,000, and committed suicide—Hill and Gorham exchanged compliments in the senate—Daniel Hooper's throat was cut in a row at Boston—A fleet of coal boats bound from Pittsburg to New Orleans went to pieces and 29 men may be lost—Barb Hebe was burned at sea, but her crew escaped—Governor Reynolds of Delaware has resigned—Addicks was beaten for the senatorship in Delaware—There is no danger of a movement south by New England manufacturers affecting New England industries—John Glover and Charles Watkins were held at Quincy, Mass., on a charge of murder—The agent for a parcel delivery company in Providence has disappeared with funds—Police from Boston identified Harry B. Spalding at New Orleans—The fate of the large Seth Low went down and two of her crew were lost—Ice on the Hudson river has been saved by the cold snap—Triple alliance treaties will be renewed in 1896—Dervishes are besieging Kassala, an Italian garrison—the port is still considering administrative reforms in Armenia—The crew of an American bark are charged with kidnapping Fiji islands natives—Colonel John A. Coker will leave New York for Japan, where he is to act as resident correspondent for the New York Herald—The North Carolina Republicans caucused, nominated J. C. Pritchard for United States senator for the short term—The trial of Howgate, indicted for embezzle-

ment and forgery, has been postponed from Jan. 21 to Jan. 26—John C. Higgins, a leading citizen of Bath, Me., in Charles A. Dubes' steam mill at Lincoln, N. H., was burned. Loss, \$700—Speaker Powers of the Maine legislature will make a speech at the opening of the new iron bridge between Calais, Me., and St. Stephen, N. B.

Wednesday, Jan. 14.

Insurance rates have been raised in Toronto—Racing industries are starting up again—Lord Randolph Churchill is weaker—Italian troops have been dispatched to Russia, Africa—The Chicago Gas trust has been enjoined from voting to pay dividends—The Victor's cabinet abandoned the land tax bill for the income tax bill—Boston druggists are attempting to advance the price of patent medicines a little—E. A. Robinson, a wealthy jeweler manufacturer of Attleboro, Mass., is dead—it is denied that Great Britain will demand the restoration of Chief Clarence at Bluefields—Railroads in northern Italy are blocked in several places—Joshua G. Hall was appointed assignee of the Dover (N. H.) Five Cents Savings bank—M. Cashell Perle resigned the office of President of France—Chick Bros.' injunction against Hawerhill (Mass.) strikers was granted. The strike is expected to spread—The mysterious illness of the Streetcar family at South Framingham, Mass., was caused by water gas—A Providence young man inherited \$1,000, went on a spree, lost his money, cut his throat and went crazy—Newburyport, Mass., voted to purchase water plant—Sixty-five persons were killed by an explosion of gun powder in a warehouse at Utica, N. Y.—The Boston Bank Presidents' association voted that a radical change in the national bank system would be expedient—Bill dealing with the lobby were introduced into the Connecticut legislature—George E. Hoar was chosen to succeed himself as United States senator from Massachusetts—A gratifying growth and prosperity of Tufts' college is indicated by its new catalog—Joseph Banigan of Providence gave \$60,000 to found a chair of political economy at the Catholic university—Marcel Martin, aged 14 months, upset a tub of hot water on himself at Bridgeport, Conn., and died from his injuries—William G. Packard, aged 80, was elected president of the Packard National bank at Greenfield, Mass., succeeding his father, the late Rufus A. Packard—The building statistics for Whitman, Mass., show that there were built in 1891 one church, the largest box mill in the state, three shops, six stables, a greenhouse and 20 dwelling houses—Blant Bros' tannery at Winchendon, Mass., was burned with its contents. Loss, \$10,000.

Thursday, Jan. 15.

M. Henri Brisson will probably be elected president of France—There was a big strike demonstration at Hawerhill, Mass.—Three more shops struck—Newfoundlanders living in and around Boston to help their suffering countrymen—Only one Democrat is left in the Connecticut senate—James Butler was found guilty at Providence of manslaughter—The defaulter treasurer is dead. The amount of his shortage is between \$75,000 and \$9,000. The finances of the city which he handled as city treasurer may be involved, and the books of the bank have been destroyed or hidden where they cannot be found. The final trial is in brief.

Friday, Jan. 16.

Michael Keegan was arrested at Lowell, Mass., on the charge of illegal voting—The headquarters of the Young People's Christian Union are to be removed from Cleveland to Boston—Three hundred popular societies in Naples express confidence in Promitor Crispini—Germany has taken no steps to prevent independent inspection of emigrants at German ports—Emperor William is pleased with the majority on the anti-socialist bill—Fire in the business portion of Bath, Me., caused a loss of \$16,000—The Victoria hotel and St. George's club at Quebec were burned; the guests escaped in their night clothes—There was a loss of \$150,000 by a fire at Bradford, Pa.—The shortage of ex-Treasurer Taylor of South Dakota tools up \$307,023—Senator Jones of Arkansas is to introduce a new financial bill today—A man who has been annoying young women at Sac, Mo., was warned by police to leave town—The mangy body of Michael Tenney was found on the railroad at East Braintree, Mass.—The ship St. Mark was plowed into Boston by a Gloucester fisherman, Her captain was stricken with blindness excessive tobacco smoking—A home for incurable children is to be established near Hartford as a result of the efforts of the Children's Aid Society—Charles Harris, aged 16, of Boston, was run over by a train at Fairfield, Conn. Both legs were amputated above the knee—Burglars robbed the freight office safe of the New York, New Haven and Hartford railroad at South Framingham, Mass., of \$20 in cash and checks to about the same amount—Mary J. Nodding, prominent in the Woman's Relief corps, died at Nashua, N. H.—A claim is made by prominent public men at Washington that the country is drifting to a silver basis—E. B. Crapo, a prominent Concord, N. H., merchant, has disappeared—O. M. Melster, a Lynn (Mass.) shoemaker, charged with assault upon his stepdaughter, fired a revolver and fled death to dissuade his wife from calling the police—A man named Bellfontaine fell from the steeples of a church near Halifax, a distance of 60 feet, and was instantly killed—A wealthy Baltimore syndicate have about purchased rich miles deposits at Bolster's Rock, Stig Island, on the Labrador coast—Granulated sugar has taken a tremendous drop in the Halifax market, and is now at the lowest point reached for a long time—Carry B. Moon, for a generation the manager of Moon's Lake House at Saratoga Lake, is dead, aged 82.

Saturday, Jan. 17.

Felix Faure was elected President of France—Defaulter James H. Bladell returned to Fall River, Mass., after 10 years' exile, and will stand trial—Massachusetts retail jewelers settle the question of affiliation—Members of the Connecticut general assembly condemn the lack of discipline in militia—The supreme court ruled that debts and associates may apply for a writ of habeas corpus—A shirt factory to employ 100 hands is to be erected at Leominster, Mass.—Grip is very prevalent at Yale university—Giuseppe Intingaro was sent to state prison for 10 years for killing Pasquale Capparulo at Boston—Lowell (Mass.) health authorities want Merrimack River drinking water filtered—Theophilus opposition at Lowell, Mass., to the placing of the proposed textile school under state direction—The mayor of Lawrence, Mass., has directed war against illegal liquor selling—Many persons are reported killed in Asturias by avalanches—Rev. Father Stack of Watertown, Mass., is dead—Investigations into municipal legislation is proposed at Philadelphia—Corruption among city officials of San Francisco is claimed by reform movement leaders—Nino Italians were fined at Boston for keeping in their bedrooms fruit intended for sale—Judge O. W. Holmes sent 1000 volumes from the library of his father, the late Dr. Holmes, to the Athenaeum Library at Pittsfield, Mass.—In the German reichstag the motion of the Centrists for the repeal of the anti-Jesuit law passed its second reading—The Marchioness of Lorne is suffering from an attack of influenza, and is confined to her room—Owing to a rapid thaw, the river Rhine has suddenly risen, and a flooding of the territory along its banks is threatened.

One Local Democrat.

HARTFORD, Jan. 17.—In the senate yesterday the committee on contested elections presented its unanimous report on the election of William F. Gates to be duly elected to the senate from the seventh district, in place of Clark W. Reynolds (D. M.). The report was accepted and Senator Reynolds is claimed by reform movement leaders—Nino Italians were fined at Boston for keeping in their bedrooms fruit intended for sale—Judge O. W. Holmes sent 1000 volumes from the library of his father, the late Dr. Holmes, to the Athenaeum Library at Pittsfield, Mass.—In the German reichstag the motion of the Centrists for the repeal of the anti-Jesuit law passed its second reading—The Marchioness of Lorne is suffering from an attack of influenza, and is confined to her room—Owing to a rapid thaw, the river Rhine has suddenly risen, and a flooding of the territory along its banks is threatened.

Marine in President.

BOSTON, Jan. 17.—The annual meeting of the New England baseball league was held here yesterday. The pennant was awarded to Fall River. An appeal will be made to the National board of arbitration to ascertain what is the New England league criterion. A hostile committee was appointed to prepare a schedule. The season will open April 27. T. H. Murnane was elected president.

## THE NEWPORT MERCURY : FOR THE WEEK ENDING JANUARY 10, 1895.

## New Advertisements.

## PROBATE NOTICE

NOTICE is hereby given for all persons interested to appear if they shall see fit, before the Court of Probate of the State of Rhode Island, to be holden at the City Hall in Tiverton, R. I., on the 1st day of February next, at ten o'clock A. M., and be heard in the petition of Amy A. Gray, praying the release of DEWEY & MCWILLIAMS, deceased, a person of undetermined age.

By or of said Court,

JOHN T. COOK, Clerk,

Probate Clerk's Office,

Tiverton, R. I., Jan. 15, 1895.

1-19

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By or of said Court,

JOHN T. COOK, Clerk,

Probate Clerk's Office,

Tiverton, R. I., Jan. 15, 1895.

1-19

PROBATE NOTICE

NOTICE is hereby given for all persons interested to appear if they shall see fit, before the Court of Probate of the City of Newport, in Rhode Island, on the 14th day of January, A. D. 1895, at 10 o'clock A. M., and be heard in the petition of JAMES H. TAYLOR & ELIAS S. PEASE, of Newport, in writing, on the 13th day of January, praying that an instrument in writing be given to them, therewith purporting to be the last will and testament of NATHANIA E. TAYLOR, late of Newport, deceased, may be proved, admitted, allowed and record of, and that letters testamentary be issued to the executors named therein.

It is ordered that the consideration of said petition be referred to Monday, the 4th day of February, 1895, at 10 o'clock A. M., at the Probate Office, in the City Hall, Newport, and that notice thereof be given to all persons interested to appear if they shall see fit, to attend the hearing of the executors named therein.

WM. H. HAMMETT, Probate Clerk.

1-19

GUARDIAN'S NOTICE

THE UNDERSIGNED hereby gives notice that he has been duly appointed by the Probate Court of the City of Newport, Rhode Island, to be the guardian of the person of MARY A. AUSTIN, of full age, of said Newport.

MARY A. AUSTIN, Guardian,

Newport, R. I., January 19th, 1895.

1-19

EXECUTOR'S NOTICE

WILLIAM B. SHEPPIELD, Jr., hereby gives notice that he has been appointed by the Court of Probate of Newport, R. I., the Executor of the will of CHARLOTTE A. CLEVELAND, late of said Newport, deceased, and that notice thereof be given to all persons interested by advertisement in the Newport Mercury, once a week at least, for fourteen days.

NEWPORT, R. I., January 19th, 1895.

1-19

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE

THE UNDERSIGNED hereby gives notice that it has been appointed by the Probate Court of the City of Newport, in Rhode Island, on the 13th day of January, A. D. 1895, to be the administrator of the estate of JOHN E. TAYLOR, in writing, on the 13th day of January, 1895, at 10 o'clock A. M., at the Probate Office in the City Hall, Newport, and that notice thereof be given to all persons interested to appear if they shall see fit, to attend the hearing of the administrator named therein.

WM. H. HAMMETT, Probate Clerk.

1-19

EXECUTOR'S NOTICE

STEPHEN B. CHACE hereby gives notice that he has been appointed by the Court of Probate of Newport, R. I., the Executor of the will of NELLIE A. STAYER, late of Newport, Rhode Island, in writing, on the 13th day of January, 1895, at 10 o'clock A. M., at the Probate Office in the City Hall, Newport, and that notice thereof be given to all persons interested to appear if they shall see fit, to attend the hearing of the executor named therein.

Newport, R. I., January 12th, 1895.

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## What's In a Name?

## The Homes of the Prince of Wales.

Norfolk Landmark: The study of men's names is as curious as it is interesting. Arbitrary as they seem today, they all had their source, evidently in some fitting fact. Many English names express the county, estate, or residence of their original bearers; as Burgoine, from Burgundy; Cornell or Cornwallis, from Cornwall; Fleming from Flanders; Gascoigne from Gascony; Hanway, from Hanau; Hainault; Poitou, from Poland; Welsh, Walsh and Wallis, from Wales; Coombe, Compton, Clayton, Sutton, Preston, Washington, from towns in the county of Sussex, England. Caen, the ant-quey, says every vill in Normandy has furnished some English "anony." Dale, Forest, Hill, Wood and the like are derived from the character or situation of those who first bore the name. The prefix site or at, attached to a or an, has helped to form number of names.

Thus, if a man lived on a moor, he would call himself Attemoor or Atmore. If near a gate, Atgate or Agate. John atte the Oaks was due to one shot down into John Nooks; Peter at the Seven Oaks into Peter Snocks. By field, By ford, Underhill and Underwood indicated residence originally. In old English, Applegarth meant orchard whence Apple-gate and Appleton chase, a forest; clive, a cliff; clough, a ravine; coomb, a harbor; whence these names. The root of the ubiquitous Smith is the Anglo-Saxon smitan, to smite. It was applied primarily to blacksmiths, wheelwrights, carpenters, masons and smelters of strikes in general. Usker, Taylor, Butler, Colman, (coal man), Disper, Cooper (cooper), Cutley, Miller and the rest plainly denote occupation. Lutiner was a tanner; a writer of Latin; Lutinier is a maker of spuds and bridge-ends; Aikwright is a master of chest; Lancer, contracted from lavender, a warhorse; man; Banister, the keeper of a bath; Kidder, buckster; Wait, a minister; Crocker, a potter. Such names as Baxter and Blasius are the feminine of Baker; Webster, or webber or weaver, which shows that these trades were first followed by women, and that when men began to take them up they for some time kept the feminine names. Steward, Stewart or Stus, Abbott, Kuglit, Lord, Bishop, Prior, Chamberlain, Falconer, Leggett (foster), either signified the persons so styled we, or they were given them in fest or derision, like the names King, Prince and Pepe. The terminus word indicates a keeper, as Durward, doockeeper; Hayward, keeper of the town cattle; Wewood, forest-keeper. Brad, Reed or Reid, is an old form of spelling red and was bestowed as White, Brown and Black were, to denote the color worn or complexion had. Hogarth from the Dutch means gencour, high-natured; Rind is subtle; Browne, ready; Bonner, kind, gracious; Eldridge, wild, ghestly. Many Welsh names, naturalized into English, are from personal traits; as More, great; Duff, black; Vaughan, little; Lane, slender; Mole, bold; Gough, red; Surnames, now apparently meaningless, had meaning in old English and proverbial dialects. Brook, for instance, signified Badger; Talbot, mastiff; Todd, fox; Culver, pigeon; Henshaw, young heron; Coke, cock.

**Training Tumbler Pigeons.**

We have known many purchases made of "Birmingham Nobles," and great disappointment experienced at the after performance of the birds or their progeny, simply from carelessness in their management. The best flying tumblers in the world, if left to fly at will, will rapidly degenerate. Each flier has its own little details of management, which, after all, matter very little; the essential point is that in beginning to train the birds are only let out occasionally, say every three or four days, and when hungry, be it morning or evening. The reason for both precautions are: (1) The previous confinement causes them to fly actively at once upon being liberated, and (2) their appetite leads them to a quick return as soon as they have had exercise enough.

They must be fed immediately on return to keep up this habit; plentifully while only occasionally down, but lightly when being trained, and let out again in the evening; their full meal being in this case reserved till after the fast day. If of good stock, and first tamed when there are no birds to tempt them to "pitch," they soon get into the habit of bursting off the moment they are liberated; and this habit must be very carefully preserved, weeding out instantly, as soon as discovered, any unusually lazy bird, which would otherwise be a check upon the rest, and may lead them to desert with it. No other system is needed beyond this in training tumblers.—(Liverpool Courier.)

## Seventh Day Adventists Give Up Worldly Possessions.

The Seventh Day Adventists of Battle Creek, Michigan, who last year gathered noisily through presenting to their church various articles of value, the whole aggregating above twenty-five thousand dollars, recently made another New Year's offering in the presence of several thousand people. A close estimate of the value of the articles presented has not yet been made, but it is believed to be not far from thirty-five thousand dollars. One of the elders, before the gift giving began, preached a short sermon, in which he expressed his belief that the end of the world was near at hand, and the violent occurrences of late time indicate it. Among the articles bequeathed on the platform when the gifts were called for were watches and chains, bracelets, silverware, clocks, rings, earrings, and, in fact, nearly everything in the jewelry line that could be converted into cash. Nearly forty necklaces were also given. The whole collection is to be sold and the proceeds devoted to extending the theories of the order.—[Chicago Tribune.]

Of the hundred thousand plants catalogued by botanists only one-tenth part have appreciable odors. Of fifty specimens of mimosa, that of our garden is the only scented one, and of a hundred varieties of the violet, only twelve have the exquisite perfume that is so popular. In general the proportion of fragrant to odorless flowers is about one per cent.

"What became of the man who had twenty-seven medals for saving people from drowning?"

Wharf-ender—He fell in one day when he had all of 'em on, and the weight of 'em sunk him.—[Answers.]

Mr. Pedagog—Benny Bleatumber, how do we know that the moon is 240,000 miles distant from the earth?

Benny (alarmed at the teacher's manner)—Y—You said so, yourself, sir.—[Puck.]

He—"You saw some old ruins white in England, I presume?" She—"Indeed! And one of them wanted to marry me!"

Lawyer (joyfully)—"Your divorce is granted, madam." Fair litigant (aghast)—"This completely unmans me."

How much better if all who have persecuted

## DRAWBACKS OF A BLACK EYE.

It Inspires Horror and引起 Varied Misery Upon Its Owner.

Unfortunate indeed is the lot of the Marly rough House knew that it is distinguished from other houses, not by its stateliness, as the Woman at Home, but by a quite peculiar atmosphere of comfort which the Prince of Wales manages to diffuse wherever he may be. The Prince's own room is, perhaps, the most pleasant of any, full of charming pictures (the Prince, by the way, is a real connoisseur of British and foreign works), and with tiger skins covering the floor. The young prince takes in greatest possible pride in those rooms set apart for them. Indeed, one of their favorite amusements is to decorate their own and their friends' boutiques, and many are the little gifts they generously bestow upon those not able to afford pretty things, but who have as great a love for them as themselves. Sounding him may more really be called the home of the royal couple. The estate is one of the best managed in all the kingdom, and is capital placed for shooting and the sports in which the Prince and his son most delight. The estate originally cost its owner something like \$220,000. Within, there is an aspect of perfect comfort. Tea is served in the hall, and a very substantial tea it is, consisting of cakes, sandwiches, caffaro and delicacies of all sorts. A few seasons ago, the favorite dish was a cockle soup, very scientifically prepared.

To the dining-room leads to the billiard-room, where the men of the house party spend the evenings and beyond is the ball-room, of which the Prince is quite especially proud, the building and decorations being entirely after his own plans. As you cross the hall from these rooms, a quaint cracked voice cries "Hip! Hip! Hurrah! God save the Queen!" and, turning, you see a little jester in his cage, which you are told is his favorite with the Princess of Wales. In the drawing room, photographs of members of the royal family, their friends, and of literary and artistic celebrities, abound. The Princess designed, and very ingeniously, a pretty screen to hold a great number of photographs. The Prince is very pleased to show you a sofa with a movable table in the middle, an idea of his own, which he submitted to his artistic tradesmen to carry out. Upstairs is the Princess's boudoir. It is crowded with pretty and interesting things which have been sent to Her Royal Highness from all parts of the world. Bond street, the Bazaar at Calcutta, and the most remote of treasure mines are all equally represented. The Princess is never so happy as when at Sandringham, where she leads the life of an ordinary English lady. Driving is her special delight, and when some intimate friend, say the Marquis of Ilfracombe (before her marriage Miss Julia Stonor, the daughter of a favorite lady in waiting), is invited to the hall, the Princess goes down to the station to meet her in a disorder quite untroubled, herself handing the ribbons.

**Little Ideas that Made Men Rich.**

"While the path of the inventor is generally strewn with rocks instead of roses, said a well known patent lawyer to a New York Advertiser reporter, 'sometimes he strikes an idea that, in sporty language, lands him on Easy street for the present, and eventually locates him on Plum Avenue.' And the strange thing about these ideas is that they are always so painfully simple that every other man when he hears of them kicks himself for not utilizing the same idea when it occurred vaguely to his own mind several years before."

"Let's see it," demanded the boarders, and the young man was forced to undo the bandage. He disclosed a swollen mass of flesh on the right side of the face, which rivaled a Thanksgiving football field for coloring. In the center a guilty little pupil of an eye flashed, surrounded by the crimson of Harvard. Shading off on the cheek was the orange, surmounted by black, emblematic of Princeton, while the blue of Yale was predominant.

"A symposium of college colors," cried one of the boarders. Suggestions for relief were then in order.

"Try a piece of raw beef," was one. "Or a raw oyster," was another. "Hot water and extract of witch hazel."

"Epsom salts and hot water will take the bloodshot out of the eye."

"Have it painted."

"No, have it cut with a razor and let it bleed."

"Get a leech."

The young man carefully noted all the suggestions, and as a discussion arose about the most efficacious remedy decided to visit a black eye doctor. After all the boarders had gone he bandaged up his eye and went in search of one.

"Now, if you had only come to me soon as you got it I could have removed it in an hour and a half," said the black eye specialist, "or if you had come within 24 hours afterward I might have had a better chance of removing it. As it is, it will take a week."

The young man had his eye washed and bathed for a couple of hours with hot water and other lotions and declared that he felt better. The swelling was reduced somewhat, and he thought that with the help of a little flesh paint and China white he could face his best girl that evening. Surely, he thought, she would believe any story he told about it. But she was as skeptical as the rest, and after listening to his plaintive story about his encounter with the black eye said:

"Now, really, Charles, who did it?"

—New York Sun.

A Glad Spell.

A certain congressman, no matter who he is, except that he is not a western man, was making up a list of towns in the neighborhood of Philadelphia, where he was to make some campaign speeches. After he had it made out to his satisfaction he handed the list to his secretary to copy. The secretary, who is a pretty shrewd politician himself, ran his eye down the column.

"What's the matter with Trenton?" he asked in some astonishment.

"Nothing," replied the member, somewhat astonished himself. "Why?"

"You've got it marked N. G."

"I guess not," protested the member in doubt.

"Well, look at it for yourself," and the secretary handed the list to him.

He looked at it, and there in plain letters he found, "Trenton, N. G."

Then he laughed confidently, almost derisively.

"That's all right, my boy," he said, with commiserating consideration.

"The N. G. you are thinking about is not the N. G. I've got there."

"Is that so?" said the dazed secretary.

"Oh course," laughed the congressman.

"Mine's Trenton, New Jersey," and the secretary said, "Oh!"

and let the congressman go on thinking it was all right.—Detroit Free Press.

The Battle of Belahoe.

The battle of Belahoe is famous in Irish history as a spoiling of the spoils.

Two chieftains, O'Neill and O'Donnell, had made a thieving excursion into

a neighboring territory and were returning with their plunder when they met

an English force, and after a brief and fierce resistance ran away, leaving their booty in the hands of the English.

"Why, Jemima, you married, of all girls?" "Yes, my dey. It is these girls that hook over the shoulders. I couldn't do it myself, and I couldn't afford a maid."

Daughter: "Yes, but, mamma, I was

only looking to see if he was looking to

see if I was looking; that's all!"

Times are so hard that many men are

cutting their mustaches off so that

they can smoke their cigars shorter.

—[Washington Post.]

How much better if all who have persecuted

bad pardoned.

Children Cry for

Pitchers Custard.

## MARKETING POULTRY.

## How to Prepare and Pack Turkeys, Geese and Chickens.

After the poultry is entirely cold sort it carefully dry and lay them in a little butter or brown, without dipping them in either egg or bread crumbs. Toast some slices of bread, golden brown, butter slightly and put on a hot platter. Lay the oysters when fried on the toast. Take enough cream to cover the oysters or soak the toast. Put the cream on to boil in a double boiler, thicken with a little flour wet with a little cold milk, add a small piece of butter just as it begins to boil, and just as you take it from the fire stir in a well-beaten egg. Pour over the oysters and serve at once.

**STANZ SOUP.**—When you buy a turkey have the butcher cut it into several pieces and split open the illicest part of the bone. Boil it three or four hours and set it aside. The next day remove the fat, and if you do not wish to eat the meat in the soup take that out. Strain the soup. Cut up two onions, two or three potatoes and a turnip and put into the soup. Simmer all together until the vegetables are tender. Half an hour before dinner add a little powdered sweet marjoram, catsup and some salt.

**PLAIN BOILED CUSTARD.**—Boil a quart of milk (reserving a pint) in a double boiler—or if you have no double boiler put the milk into a tin pan or boiler that will hold two quarts and set it into a kettle of hot water. Beat two or three eggs with three spoonfuls of sugar; wet three spoonfuls of corn starch in the reserved pint of milk, then mix the beaten egg and corn starch together and add a little salt. When the milk boils stir them in and continue to stir till the custard thickens. Remove the custard from the fire and pour into china cups (glass will crack) or into a cold pitcher. Use what seasoning you please. The old fashion of using cinnamon is economical and very good. Boil some pieces of cinnamon a few minutes only, in two or three spoonfuls of water. Put some of this into the custard and bottle the rest for future use.

**SOUR MILK MUFFINS.**—To a pint of sour milk put one unbeaten egg, a little salt, a teaspoonful of soda and one of butter melted with the soda in a tablespoonful of hot water. Make rather a thick batter and beat it well. Have the griddle of moderate heat, grease it and ring the rings, lay them on and fill them only half full of the batter. Increase the heat a little. In about eight minutes turn them and let them lie three or four minutes longer. To turn them without spilling requires some dexterity.

**SCORCHED SALT FISH.**—Take a small piece of the thickest part of a salt cod which has been soaked overnight in cold water. Wipe dry with a napkin and pick into long flakes. Put two tablespoonsfuls of butter into a small frying pan, and when very hot put in the flakes of fish and brown a little on each side. Serve very hot.

**SCALLOPED ONIONS.**—Boil six large onions. Take a saucer of one tablespoonful of flour, rubbed smooth in a little cold milk, one tablespoonful of butter, a cup of milk, and salt and pepper to taste. Slice the onions, put them into a shallow baking dish; pour the sauce over them; cover with fine bread crumbs and bits of butter, and bake till the crumbs are a light brown.

**BUNNIE AND SQUARZ.**—Cut some cold corn beef into neat, thin slices.

Put two tablespoonsfuls of butter into a frying pan, and when hot, lay in the slices of beef well peppered and cook slightly on both sides; add some cold boiled cabbage, chopped fine and well seasoned with salt and red pepper, and a tablespoonful of pickled cucumber and onion mixed. Let it all get thoroughly hot and serve at once.

**MARY MASON.**—  
The Advantages of a Fad.

The man who undertakes to cultivate some fad like the growing of plants, the raising of fish, photography, entomology, boating, bicycling, riding, athletic sports, microscopy, painting, drawing, music, fishing, hunting, and a thousand and one other things which may come under the head of personal recreation, has always something within his reach which makes him independent of the outside world. The boating man is forever "feeding" his canoe or yacht with paint or varnish and fittings of his own invention. The mineralogist has an endless pleasure in arranging his specimens and in obtaining those which are new. The sportsman flies his battles o'er again, and the fisherman attends to his tackle and invents "facts" to illustrate his next year's exploits. All harmless amusements, but more valuable than gold, because they take a man away from himself.—Business.

As we could buy oat straw for from \$8 to \$1 per ton, and no cornstalks were in the market, and clover and timothy mixed were away up in price, the oat straw brought down the general cost and at the same time furnished in itself a fairly nutritious rough food. We cannot lay too much stress on the value we set on corn fodder, either dry, green or as ensilage. We keep feeding it nearly the whole year round. I believe no fodder gives better influence on the quality of better than well cured corn stover. In the winter we feed in the manger and not, as a rule, in pasture. While our fodder corn is run through a cutting machine, where well cured, I believe that shredded fodder may be fed more economically, as there are no hard butt pieces left in the mangers.

Oat Fodder For Stock.

Professor Plumbe of the Indiana station tells that they prefer to feed cut fodder, whether hay or corn. The most economical and satisfactory ration when fodder is scarce has found to be a mixture of practically one part each of cornstarch, oat straw and clover hay. The amount of fertilizing material which should be added to the soil for economical results must depend largely upon the kind of cultivation, the crop and previous treatment. If a bearing orchard, for instance, receives an application of potash every year, from 200 to 200 pounds of muriate of potash per acre will afford an economical dressing, but in those which have had indifferent care a larger application may be made.

The man who undertakes to cultivate some fad like the growing of plants, the raising of fish, photography, entomology, boating, bicycling, riding, athletic sports, microscopy, painting, drawing, music, fishing, hunting, and a thousand and one other things which may come under the head of personal recreation, has always something within his reach which makes him independent of the outside world. The boating man is forever "feeding" his canoe or yacht with paint or varnish and fittings of his own invention. The mineralogist has an endless pleasure in arranging his specimens and in obtaining those which are new. The sportsman flies his battles o'er again, and the fisherman attends to his tackle and invents "facts" to illustrate his next year's exploits. All harmless amusements, but more valuable than gold, because they take a man away from himself.—Business.

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The man who undertakes

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